

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

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JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

Jury List, Sept. Term, 1851.

GRAND JURORS.

Joseph Frantz, Ross, Franklin Starbuck, Strood, Peter Lander, Smithfield, John Jayne, M. Smithfield, Jackson Goodbaugh, do, John L. Staples, Strood, John Keener, Paradise, Samuel Busker, Hamilton, John Trible, Smithfield, Peter Gower, Ross, William Houston, Strood, Charles Drake, do, Daniel Miller, Hamilton,

PETIT JURORS.

John Leeb, Hamilton, Charles S. Palmer, Strood, John Smith, M. Smithfield, Wm. Frankland, do, Jacob Grape, do, George M. Michels, do, Rudolph Smith, do, Philip Metzger, Hamilton, Lynford Shoemaker, do, Chas. Houser, Tobyman, C. D. Broadhead, Chesnut Hill, Lynford Alenose, do, Charles Muehl, do, James Daniel, Smithfield, Anthony Truesse, do, Anthony Schrag, Pocomo, Her. Kutz, do, Peter Smoke, Goodbaugh,

Trial List.

William Trainer vs. John B. Reed, Owen Rice, attorney for the Heirs of Joseph Hersefield, dec'd vs. Abraham Buz, Peter Meckes, and Terence Tennant, Same vs. same, Same vs. same, John M. Diebler vs. the township of Price, Wm. Overfield and Sarah his wife vs. Simon Smith, George Reubart vs. David Reubart, John M. Taylor to the use of Peter Masteller vs. Philip Hoffman, Gregory Greenawald's Executors vs. John Meckes, Philip C. Dotter vs. John Kunkel, Godfrey Greenawald's Executors vs. Jos. Greenawald.

TEAS!!

J. N. & E. W. CORLIES.

No. 69 Pearl Street, New-York.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Green and Black Teas,

of all descriptions suited to the Country Trade.

Are also receiving from the best manufacturers a full assortment of TOBACCO, of the most approved brands, all of which are confidently offered as equal to any in market, and at the lowest cash prices.

Merchants visiting the City would do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

September 4, 1851.—3m

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an alias writ of venditioni exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, Penna., to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the public house of Jacob Knecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, on Saturday, the

20th day of September next,

at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described property, to wit: All that one equal undivided moiety or half part of a certain tract or piece of Land, Water Power and Flouring Mill thereon erected, situate in the Borough of Stroudsburg, adjoining land of Sam'l Stokes, land late of Daniel Strood, deceased, and land of William S. Whittemore, and John Shively, containing

12 Acres and 42 Perches,

more or less, being the same premises which Daniel Strood and wife, by their Indenture, bearing date the 4th day of February, A. D. 1839, and recorded at Stroudsburg, in Dead Book vol. 1, page 233, granted and conveyed to James Hollinshead; together also with a ground rent of Fifty Dollars per annum, issuing out of said premises, and secured by Jacob Singmaster's large Frame Tannery and the following buildings, on the ground conveyed to said Singmaster, subject to said ground rent, viz: a two story Frame House, 20 ft. by 45 ft., with a basement or cellar under north and a frame Kitchen attached, 16 ft. by 20 ft.—a frame House, two stories high, 20 ft. by 20 ft., used as a sleeping apartment. A frame wing of said Tannery, 24 feet by 16 feet.—A frame Lath House, two stories high, 17 feet by 25 feet, with lathes or vats therein. A frame building 38 feet by 16 feet, two stories high, with vats or lathes; and a frame Bark House, 40 feet by 29 feet; also a steam-works connected with said Tannery. The water for driving said Tannery is carried across said lot, conveyed to said Singmaster as aforesaid, by a wooden trunk or forebay.

The improvements are a large

GRIST MILL,

40 feet by 50 feet, with two runs of stones therein; a FRAME FOUNDRY and BLACKSMITH SHOP, and a Hog Pen or Stable, 25 feet by 15 feet.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of James Hollinshead, and to be sold by me.

PETER KEMMERER,

Sheriff's Office Stroudsburg, Pa. Sheriff.

August 28, 1851.

Lead and Iron Pipe.

A general supply of Lead and Iron Pipe of all sizes, on hand at all times, and for sale by

DICKSON & SAMPLE.

Easton, July 17, 1851.—1v

BLANK MORTGAGES

For sale at this Office.

I WOULD NOT DIE.

A correspondent is furnishing the Baltimore Dispatch, with a series of amusing political effusions. The following is a good parody on the song—"I would not die in Spring Time"—and contains much of what Sam Slick calls "human nature."

I would not die in Spring time,
When worms begin to crawl;
When cabbage plants are shooting up,
And frogs begin to squall:
'Tis then the girls are full of charms,
And smile upon the men:
When lamb and peas are in their prime—
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Summer,
When trees are filled with fruit—
And every sportsman has a gun,
The little birds to shoot.
The girls then wear their Bloomer dress,
And half distract the men,
It is the time to sweat it out—
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Autumn,
When new-mown hay smells sweet,
And little pigs are rooting round,
For something nice to eat.
'Tis then the huntsman's wild halloo,
Is heard along the glen,
And oysters 'gin to fatten up—
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Winter—
For one might freeze to death;
When blustering Boreas sweeps around,
And takes away one's breath.
When sleigh bells jingle—horses snort,
And buckwheat cakes are tall;
In fact; this is a right good world,
I would not die at all!

A Female Hermit.
The following account is taken from one of a series of letters recently published in the National Intelligencer, descriptive of a tour to the sources of the Potomac:

"Delighted, however, and deeply impressed as I have been by the scenery of this Alpine land, I have been far more interested in an old woman, whom I had the pleasure of seeing. Her name is Elizabeth Golding Golden, and she resides in a log cabin, entirely alone, directly at the foot of the gorge which has taken her name. She is of German origin, and represents herself as one hundred and twelve years of age. She was born according to her own words, 'within two days' ride to the city of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania,' and her father was a soldier of the revolution under Washington, and she, herself, was in the immediate vicinity of the American camp at the defeat of General Braddock, of which event she habitually recounts a great number of interesting and thrilling incidents, closing each paragraph with the remark that the battle-field was wet, very wet with blood. She has been husbandless and childless for nearly half a century, and for many years has lived as now, in the solitude of the mountains, utterly alone. Indeed everything about the old woman was peculiar and strange. In stature she is quite small, and her hair, which is as white as snow, is very long; when engaged in conversation, her countenance fires up exceedingly, and she accompanies each sentence with the most animated of gestures; her voice, though still strong, is altogether beyond her control, having an unnatural tone; and the wrinkles running entirely over her face and neck, are as deep as we might imagine them to be after having been furrowed by the tears of even one heart for so long a time as a century. She was clothed in the simplest manner, having upon her head a cap made of brown cotton, a frock of blue homespun cloth, and upon her feet nothing but woolen socks.

During the whole time we were in her cabin she was smoking some bitter weed in a corn-cob pipe, and, though haggard and worn to a marvelous degree, she had a pleasant smile, and when either of her guests happened to utter something that was novel to her ear, she would exclaim, 'Oh, yes, that is wonderful!' Her only means of subsistence, for years past, has been obtained by making hickory brooms, but even this subsistence she has been compelled to give up, for she could no more climb the mountains to obtain the proper material, and, though she seemed to be perfectly certain that she would be provided for, she expressed the greatest dread of the county alms house. We inquired as to her appetite, and she replied, 'Oh, I eat very little; I never eat much, sometimes nothing in a whole day, and never more than once a day; and I am well acquainted with hunger.' As to sleep we also questioned her and she said, 'That's what troubles me most; I cannot sleep now; I am so old, and so I lay on my bed all night thinking of my great, good and sweet Father in the Heavens.' We asked her how she managed to obtain the necessaries of life, and she said that she did not know, only that people who travelled on the road sometimes stepped in to give a little coffee or flour, her main stay being a small garden of vegetables, the brush fence around which has been built by her own hands; and this garden was just

exactly the neatest one I ever beheld. As to her sight it was as good as ever, and she was unacquainted with the use of spectacles. We asked her how much money she would want to support her a year, and she replied that ten dollars would take care of her a long time, more than a year. As a matter of course, my companions and I made up a little purse for her benefit, and when we gave it to her it seemed as if she would embrace us in spite of our disinclination.

Indeed, we made her a number of trifling presents, and she expressed her gratitude by weeping and assuring us that her 'Father in the heavens would bless us and make us happy wherever we might go. And I can assure the reader that the tears shed by that old woman of five score years and ten were not the only ones that sprung into the eyes on that occasion, albeit we were all unused to weeping.

But I have not given the reader an idea of the home of this lonely being; in truth, it baffles description. Her nearest neighbor is some four miles off, and her only companions in her solitude are a little dog and cat. Her cabin stands near the water's edge, and directly on the hill side; it is without a window, but light in abundance comes in from the gaping roof and sides of the black and mouldering habitation, the chimney too which is of mud and sticks and in a dilapidated condition. Her bedstead is made of small pine sticks, with the bark still on, her couch consisting of hemlock boughs covered with straw upon which are two or three wretchedly worn bed-quits. In one corner of the room are two or three shelves, where are displayed her cooking and eating utensils, the original cost of which (and they were old and worn) could not have been more than one dollar. An old stool answered the place of a chair, and a board nailed up the side of the cabin her only table; hanging from the logs at the side of the bed are two or three old gowns, which help to keep out the air and rain; she is also the owner of a spinning wheel; and from the crevices of logs around, above and every where depend bunches of herbs and faded flowers which she has gathered in her rambles; but there was a taste and neatness displayed in the arrangement of the miserable furniture of the room which gave it a really cheerful aspect. We asked the old woman if she never apprehended any danger while thus living so utterly alone, and she replied of course not; who would harm a poor forsaken being like me? I ain't afraid even of the bears, for it was only last fall that one came down here and scratched up my garden but I drove him off with a big stick."

Up to this point, everything we saw concerning this aged woman was strange, we were still more astonished to have her rivet our attention by her wild movements and address us to the following effect: 'Men I thank you for your goodness—I cannot read, but my Great Father has told me in my heart all about it. There is a Heaven, men, and it's a very happy place; and there is a hell, men, and it's a very dreadful place—they both will never have an end. Now, men, good bye; you have been good to the old woman, but we must part; good bye; we shall meet once more at the judgment, but only for a short time. Live, men, so that you may get to Heaven. And so we left this strange, strange being; and I am confident that long after her bones shall have mingled with the dust, one trio of travellers, if still living, will remember with wonder and pleasure their interview with the 'Hermit woman of the Alleghenies.'"

Freak of Nature.—Two physicians of Georgia, Doctors Cohen and Durr, have published a statement to the effect that there was born upon the premises of David J. Williams, in Telfair county, a negro child, weighing twelve pounds, with two well formed heads and necks, two arms and two spinal columns, three legs with feet attached, two in their natural position and the other coming out on the back in the region of the hips, with two hearts partially joined together, two lungs, and other anomalies.

Infernal Machines for Cuba.

A person in Norfolk, Va., writes to the Cuban Junta in New York, proffering them the use of eight "infernal exterminating seven barrel guns." Each instrument, he says, will discharge two hundred ounce-and-a-half balls per second, the discharge being made as fast as the piece can be aimed. The eight machines would thus discharge sixteen hundred balls per second, mowing down, he says, to a deadly certainty, any enemy that dared to approach. Only one man is required to work each machine. One man could, therefore, discharge 12,000 balls per hour.

A SENSIBLE REPLY.

During the examination of a witness, as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him "which way did the stairs run?" The witness, who by the by is a noted wag, replied "that one way they run up stairs and the other way they run down stairs." The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

The Aims of Life.

Defoe, in his story of Robinson Crusoe, represents his poor shipwrecked hero, when thrown upon that uninhabited island, that was to be for a long time his solitary home, as saying, "I began to look around me to learn what kind of a place I was in, and what was next to be done." How many thrown, or perhaps we may say, shipwrecked, on these shores of time, forget the lessons of their condition. They show but little curiosity to find out "what kind of a place they are in," or "what is next to be done." They seem to take it for granted that it is of little or no consequence. This is the great secret of wasted talents and a ruined reputation. The best part of life, if not the whole of it is spent, before the soul awakes to a consciousness of its state and destiny. This is the case with some of the noblest intellects that God has ever bestowed upon the world. One of the most eloquent lawyers that ever graced the English bar—Thomas Erskine—was twenty-eight years of age before he commenced his studies, or had formed his plans of life. In a letter to an old classmate, Willberforce, then in the zenith of his fame, he says, "it is scarce too much to say that I deem myself to have awakened about nine or ten years ago from a dream, to have recovered, as it were, the wanted first principles, at least, which alone deserve the character of wisdom, or bear the impress of truth." With many the whole life is a dream.

They awake only on their death-bed to find that their more golden moments have fled forever. There is no mortification like that of feeling that, after all, life has been only a cypress. Every young man, especially, should look about him to see what kind of a place he is in, and what is next to be done. His early years are his most precious. In them he is to lay the foundation of his after course. If they are neglected, he will be like "the man who built his house upon sand." For such a neglect no man in our country and in our day, can have any excuse. The blessings of such an education as shall fit him for his task in life may find their way to his humblest home. He need not be serf, except from choice. If he lives to no purpose, or makes life a failure, his wasted years write suicide upon his career. There are thousands of young men in our land, into the hands of some of whom these lines may come, who have within their reach treasures of whose value they have but a feeble conception.—They may be found by the plough or the anvil, at the desk or in the workshop. They may seem to themselves, bound for life to an obscure drudgery, toiling on wearily from day to day, and from year to year, with little to cheer or animate them in the prospect. And yet it is within their power to enable that drudgery by high and noble purpose. There is no necessity that they should sink into mere mechanics for plowing fields or shaping a nail. They may make their daily tasks, works of duty, the monuments of a life of intelligence and industry and integrity—the noblest proofs of manhood, of princible and virtue.

They may rise above serfdom to their trades, to the true dignity of men. They may write "excelsior" on every step of their career.—They may leave behind them as they leave the world, a legacy of more than houses and lands—a memory that will be blessed. Bunyan, in his allegory of pilgrim's Progress, presents us, at the house of Interpreter, with some striking and suggestive emblems. Among them is "the man with muck rake," gathering the straws of earth, neglectful of the splendid crown over his head, which is handed down to him by an angel. We wonder at his stupidity and folly, but is not his case paralleled by the conduct of those who work on their farms or by their work bench, forget their manhood, and value their intellect and knowledge merely as they do their ploughs or planes, for their utility to execute labor? What should we say of a man on whose farm was to be found the richest soil, that might be easily tilled, and would repay cultivation with the most abundant harvests, if, instead of improving it, he should leave it to thorns and weeds, and waste his toil and sweat on some rocky, and barren spot, that could never be made to produce a harvest that would repay him? How strange would it be to see him forgetting that he owned any thing but rocks and sand! And yet full as strange to us is the forgetfulness of those who overlook the mind that God has given them, who make their farms a garden, but leave their intellects a waste. There is no labor so well repaid as that which a man expends upon himself. He may not be quick of apprehension, he may have a rough and rocky soil for the seeds of knowledge. Neglect may have suffered thorns and thistles to spring up upon it; but yet, upon the same soil he may gather more than golden harvests, a treasure of food for thought that will enrich the very winter of his age. How strange and inexcusable, then, that he should forget it! There are men sifting California sands for gold. There are men diving into the ocean's depths for pearls. There are fearless sailors during the rigors of

the northern pole in the cause of discovery; but richer than all, than gold pearls, or discovered lands, are the powers of knowledge and mental improvement, which the humblest laborer may possess, and exercise, and improve, at his own fireside. How strange, then, that men should exercise themselves to a skill that can hammer a horse-shoe into the perfection of shape, and yet be content to leave their own minds without form and void. We say, then, to the young men of our land awake to the dignity of your calling.

Slave Whipped to death.

The Winchester Virginian gives the particulars of a horrid affair in Clark county, Va., on Wednesday week, which has excited great indignation in that section.—The result of it was that Col. James Castleman, and his son Stephen, were indicted on Monday last for having cruelly and unmercifully beaten two slaves the Wednesday previous, (causing the death of one of them,) belonging to the former. They have been held to bail in the sum of \$5,000 each.

The Winchester Republican says:

From the evidence of the principal witness, a white laborer, the negro was fastened up for punishment by having his hands tied, and a chain put around his neck and thrown over a beam, and locked, just leaving length for the unfortunate object to stand upon the ground. He was then whipped with the long strap of a wagon having a heavy buckle at the end, having been previously stripped, that the blows might be laid on the bare skin. After beating him in the most unmerciful manner, for some time, they left him bound in the situation described, for the purpose of whipping his companion. The occurrence took place about sunset. A son of Castleman deposed that about ten o'clock at night his father came into his house, and announced that the negro was dead. He had been left in the standing position in which he was whipped, and died in that way.

The Self-moving Carriage.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, in a late letter, says:

"Two years ago, I described for an American paper, the self-moving carriage of M. Prevost. Since that time, Mr. P. has traveled in it over a great part of France, visiting Tours, Saumur, Orleans, Chartres, Havre and other places. He is now in Paris on his way to Bordeaux.—He travels with ease to himself, for the force employed is not the muscular strength applied to pedals or cranks, but the weight of his person, which puts in movement the machinery on much the same principle with the weight of a clock. On ordinary roads, (they are Macadamized in France,) M. Prevost travels from sixty to eighty miles a day. The carriage is about six feet by three and the machinery not visible from the outside."

Resolving a Difficulty.

As the chambermaid of the steamboat upon the Ohio was passing out of the ladies' cabin, an old lady, in a plaintive husky tone, requested her to shut the door, as she had caught such a bad cold at Detroit she was almost dead. At this moment a very phthisic old lady occupying a berth near the door, forbade the girl to shut it on account of her shortness of breath.

"Shut it or I'll die," squeaked the Detroit lady.

"Leave it open, or I'll smother to death," gasped the other.

As the war wax warm, a wag in the adjoining cabin, thrusting his head from his berth, decided the chambermaid's quandary, by ordering her to "open that door until the Detroit lady dies of her cold—and then close it until the other one smothers to death."

New Building Material.

The Bridgeton (N. J.) Chronicle gives an account of a new kind of brick, of which a house in that place is now erecting. They are made of sand, gravel, and lime, and are about fifteen inches long, nine inches wide, and six inches thick.—After the material is put together the brick is allowed to dry and harden before they are put into the building. Houses built of this brick are said to be as durable as those of any other material.

Horrible Death.

The Pottsville Emporium says that on the arrival of a train of Coal Cars at Mount Carbon, during Saturday night, fragments of a human body were found attached to a brake of one of the Cars, and on examination other portions of the same body were found strewn along the road from below Schuylkill Haven to the point above named, a distance of some six or eight miles. Nothing was known respecting the individual who had thus been horribly mutilated, but it was conjectured that in an attempt to get into one of the Cars somewhere below Landingville, the poor fellow had been caught in the brake and thus held as in a vice, until, he was literally ground to atoms!

Last Moments of Lopez.

The following account of the execution of Gen. Lopez, is copied from a late number of the N. Y. Sun. It differs in some respects from accounts already published:

At the fatal hour Gen. Lopez was brought out, and ascended the platform with a firm step. His person was enveloped in a white shroud. The executioner then removed the shroud, and there stood the General in his full military uniform before the assembled multitude.

His appearance was calm, dignified and heroic. Not a muscle quivered. He looked upon the preparation for death unmoved; his countenance changed not, and his whole bearing was firm and manly.

The executioner now removed his embroidered coat, his sash, cravat, and all the insignia of his military rank, in token of disgrace.

General Lopez, with his hands tightly bound together in front, stepped forward, and in a strong, clear voice, slowly spoke to those around as follows:

"I pray the persons who have compromised me to pardon me as I pardon them."

"My death will not change the destinies of Cuba." [The executioner, standing a little behind, here interrupted him in an insulting tone, with "Come be quick, be quick!"]

General Lopez, turning his head partly around, fixed his eye on the man, and said sternly, gritting his teeth, "Wait, Sir."—He then continued:

"Adieu, my beloved Cuba! Adieu, my brethren!"

The General then stepped back, seated himself on the stool. A priest with the crucifix and taper stood on one side of him, the executioner on the other.—The collar was then placed around the prisoner's neck. The priest now placed the crucifix between the Generals hands, and just as he was in the act of inclining his head to kiss it, the executioner swung the fatal screw, and the head of the unfortunate man at the same instant dropped forward, touching the crucifix. He never moved again. There sat the body of one of the bravest men that ever drew breath, but a moment ago alive, now a ghastly corpse.

The execution was conducted in the most orderly manner and in perfect silence. No shouting or any other exhibition of applause was manifested.—Whether this was the result of the news from New-Orleans, or the express orders of the Captain-General, is not known.

Immediately after the execution, General Lopez's body was then taken down, and privately buried.

The following paragraph from The Mirror, in relation to the execution of Gen. Lopez, will be read with painful interest:

"We have conversed with a gentleman who stood within a few feet of Lopez at the time of his execution. He confirms the account of the bearing of the victim at the scaffold, and also describes the mode of death as being more instantaneous than hanging. Lopez mounted the platform with a firm step, dressed in white, looking haggard and sad beyond description. The life and soul of the man was already gone before the executioner did his work. He was permitted to say a few words, relating to himself only; and these were, in effect, that he 'forgave everybody and wished everybody to forgive him. That he died for his beloved Cuba.' He was then seated in a sort of a chair, the collar was adjusted, and by the touching of a spring, the weight of two thousand pounds snapped the neck, and his hands, which he held clasped before him, fell upon his knees, the only motion that indicated death.—His body remained four hours, until the face became entirely black, exposed to the burning heat of the sun, and the burning indignation of the multitude. From this eye-witness of the scene, we learn that the feeling of hatred against 'the pirates' was intense and universal among all classes; so much so, that even the negroes who lifted the bodies of the victims into the hearse, at Atares, handled them roughly; and this gave rise to all the horrible stories of post mortem insults and mutilations."

Good News for Peach Growers.

We have seen peach trees in the District of Columbia, this summer, having much larger and more delicious peaches than our more Northern fruit, and the trees in the highest state of perfection, in consequence of being painted near the root by a cheap chemical paint, prepared by J. C. Lewis, Esq., of Washington. This preparation works the almost instant destruction of the grub worm, the enemy of both tree and fruit, and so great an enemy that it is a common thing for them to destroy the fruit entirely in from three to five years. Having seen the perfection of the remedy and the vigor of the tree and fruit in consequence of its application, we can recommend it to our friends in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and every where where peach orchards are in cultivation.—New York Express.